

POP

Stories for Rainy Days

Volume II



Naela Ali

Stories for Rainy Days

Volume II

**Undang-Undang Republik Indonesia
Nomor 28 Tahun 2014 tentang Hak Cipta
Lingkup Hak Cipta**

Pasal 1

Hak Cipta adalah hak eksklusif pencipta yang timbul secara otomatis berdasarkan prinsip deklaratif setelah suatu ciptaan diwujudkan dalam bentuk nyata tanpa mengurangi pembatasan sesuai dengan ketentuan perundang-undangan.

Ketentuan Pidana

Pasal 113

- (1) Setiap Orang yang dengan tanpa hak melakukan pelanggaran hak ekonomi sebagaimana dimaksud dalam Pasal 9 ayat (1) huruf i untuk Penggunaan Secara Komersial dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 1 (satu) tahun dan/atau pidana denda paling banyak Rp100.000.000 (seratus juta rupiah).
- (2) Setiap Orang yang dengan tanpa hak dan/atau tanpa izin Pencipta atau pemegang Hak Cipta melakukan pelanggaran hak ekonomi Pencipta sebagaimana dimaksud dalam Pasal 9 ayat (1) huruf c, huruf d, huruf f, dan/atau huruf h untuk Penggunaan Secara Komersial dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 3 (tiga) tahun dan/atau pidana denda paling banyak Rp500.000.000,00 (lima ratus juta rupiah).
- (3) Setiap Orang yang dengan tanpa hak dan/atau tanpa izin Pencipta atau pemegang Hak Cipta melakukan pelanggaran hak ekonomi Pencipta sebagaimana dimaksud dalam Pasal 9 ayat (1) huruf a, huruf b, huruf e, dan/atau huruf g untuk Penggunaan Secara Komersial dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 4 (empat) tahun dan/atau pidana denda paling banyak Rp1.000.000.000,00 (satu miliar rupiah).
- (4) Setiap Orang yang memenuhi unsur sebagaimana dimaksud pada ayat (3) yang dilakukan dalam bentuk pembajakan, dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 10 (sepuluh) tahun dan/atau pidana denda paling banyak Rp4.000.000.000,00 (empat miliar rupiah).

Stories for Rainy Days

Volume II



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Naela Ali

POP

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To My Future –
The One I Look Forward to.

*“Do I have to tell the story
Of a thousand rainy days
since we first met...”*

“Every Little Things She Does is Magic”

The Police



Acknowledgements

*Every new beginning comes from
some other's beginning end.*

(“Closing Time” – Semisonic)



I believe that every ending means new beginning. As I believe that this second book could happen because of the first one. Every little thing that comes and goes, always have their own stories to tell, and to be learnt from.

Again, when I have to say thank you, I stop and close my eyes for a while. Gratitude. It hasn't even been a year since the last book, but those months in between, I have met new people and experienced new things. But still, true people will always stay, in the worst and best of times. Those people are the ones I value more than anything in this world.

My parents. They are the ones who never leave my heart. They never stopped saying how proud they are of me. And their words and prayers, are the greatest fuel. Thank you, Pa, Ma. It's always for you.

Teteh Fadlia, Farhan and Naufal.

Arief Haffizza, for your endless support. Thank you for always reminding me to be myself and never lose faith, thank you for always giving my strength back whenever I was down. Thank you for always listening and to always be you.

KPG for (again) giving me this opportunity. And of course, Gabby. The-super-editor!

My best friends and relatives who support me. I can't mention you all here, but you know who you are.

And those who read and bought Stories for Rainy Days from the first. Thank you for having Stories for Rainy Days on your mind. Love you.

And here's to more days of warmth!

Naela Ali



*001/1/16/SC

O N E

The End



001/1/16/SC

'And in the end the love you take is equal to the love you make.'

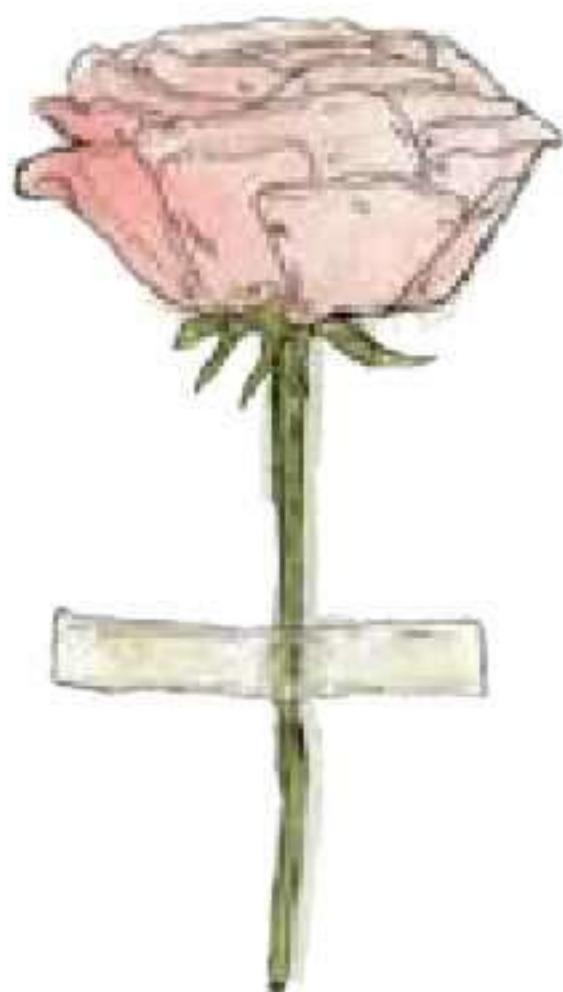
(The End, The Beatles)

I believe that there is always the right one for every soul as there is always the right time for every thing.

I believe in Heaven as I believe in destiny. I believe that right after we were born, there was someone out there who meant to be our soul mate. And in the process of finding, we have to meet many struggles and mistakes. Things might not go as smooth as we hoped it would be, but in the end all those years of understanding will be worth it.

I have been loved and loving. I have been hurt and hurting.

I had to meet some wrong people and learned from many mistakes. I loved deeply, that's just the way I am. I never fear of giving my heart fully to the person I love. I gave them the key to the door of my happiness. I let them broke it and let them played with it. I broke deeply. But one thing I never let them was to kill me. Those wounds didn't kill me yet it only made me stronger.



This time, not only I am fearless. I am sure and I know that he is the one.

I gave him the key to my existence. I let him control me.

He came to me right when I just started the new beginning of my life. Right when I have found myself. He came with gentleness and he offered me comfort and safety. There was not a hint of doubt I felt in my heart. This time, I knew I was not wrong. He was the one destined for me.

I never feel that I am the one who loves more or he is the one who loves more. Our love is equal.

Love is not a competition of winning each other's attention. Love is a teamwork. We are one, fighting all the obstacles that might destroy us. With him, I know that I can conquer everything. I know that there is nothing to worry. As long as we're together and have faith in each other, we win.



T W O

Empty Chairs



Two empty chairs in an empty room.

Silent.

Not a sound. Not even a movement.

Even the air is trapped, circling around the room, not
a chance to see the world.

They used to be there, talking for hours. Talking
about current issues, serious matters or just some crap
they found interesting.

Two empty chairs – the witness of what once they
called magic.

On those chairs, staring at each other's eyes, having
conversations, sometimes over tea or just water. She
preferred sparkling one, though.



10 And one day, she thought that it was enough. She found the room was no longer offering things they need. The room just lost its meaning. The room bored her.

“Why?” he asked. “This room is perfect. We got everything we need. We have each other. In this room, nothing matters but us.”

“That exactly what the problem is,” she answered, looking at her own fingers. Playing with it as if that was the most interesting thing she could do at the moment.

“I don’t think I get what you mean.”

“You see, in this room, we got nothing but us. We got only these two chairs and these plants that about to die in, like... I don’t know.”

“I feel trapped. I feel like I should explore the world, see new things and learn. I got you, I see. You know a lot, you are like a walking encyclopedia. You are a freshly printed paper in the morning, to be enjoyed with a cup of coffee. But, you will soon run out of things to talk about; we will soon run out of topic. This room is a poison. It is comfortable, but we will never grow as human. We have each other, we love each other, but it’s not enough.”

“So you want to go out of this room and leave me?”

“You can go with me, we can go see the world together. The real world!” She felt so excited that she was shaking.

“I don’t think I want to leave this room.” He looked blankly at the ceiling. “But, who am I to force you to stay. You can go.”

“I am sorry, dear. I just...”

"I understand. No further explanations needed."

With an empty hand, she left. Not a glance of hesitation. Not even looking back, she left.

He sat alone in the room. Thinking.

Each day, he would stare at the plants. Talked to them. Murmuring what on his mind.

The room ate him slowly. His body was gone. Vanished to a place no one could find a name.

The room is now empty. Leaving nothing but two chairs, dead plants, and story of two people that once shared the intimacy.







001/1/16/SC

T H R E E

Insecurities



“Insecurities kill us.” He said.

She was trapped in flood of memories. She started to imagining every worst possibility that could occur. Those imaginations felt so real that she started to lose control. She cried a lot. Not because something is happening, but because things *might* happen.

He is a sweetheart. He takes care of her like she is the most delicate thing in the world. He gives her all the love he could offer. He never let her down.

He is almost gold.

But she is afraid. She is afraid that she might lose him one day, just like she lost the ones before. She's afraid that he might not love her anymore. She's afraid that this is only temporary. For all her heart knows, nothing is forever.

She is dreaming of the past. The taste of losing someone who meant the world to her, the sorrow of unexpected happenstances, and the struggle of coming back to a whole person.

“Insecurities destroy us,” he said.

He held her hand and told her that everything will be fine.

18 “He is almost gold. Don’t take him away from me. Not even my own insecurities.” She said those words as a mantra. “All is well.”







001/1/16/SC

F O U R

Home is Where

The Heart is



Home is where
the heart is.



If home is where the heart is, I know where
exactly my heart is.

You are a home to me.

You smell like fresh linen, full of warmth and
comfort. The kind of smell that makes me wanted to
stay in bed forever because I know there's no place
I'd rather be.

Your eyes are so soft, like a blanket protecting
me from the coldest night. Wrapping me with your
gentleness, you make me feel safe.

You are a place where I can completely be myself.

I can be my very best self and be my worst self at the same time without feeling fear that you might hate to see me in the ugliest face.

You are a home I've always dreamt of.

A small yet comfortable house with plants and big windows.

I can feel the warmth in the daylight and I can see the stars on my darkest night. You give me all the experiences that earth could offer.

And when it's raining, I can see the puddles on the backyard reflecting our happy faces as we embracing the smell of the rain.

You are a home to me.

A place I will miss when I'm away.

A place where I belong.





001/1/16/SC

F I V E

House Made

of Books



I want to live in a house made
of books.

29

I want to sleep in a room smells
like old papers.



001/1/16/SC

SIX

Life After You



Never in my life I felt this certain about something. I no longer wandering around, hoping to find the answer. For now, not only answers that I got, but also destination. I know exactly what I want to do in my life right when I opened my eyes. I know whom to call the moment I gathered my consciousness. I know where I am heading. Like a manual book, they are all nicely written in every step.

33

Never in my life I felt this good about something. I no longer feeling any fear, thinking about every bad possibilities. For now not only peace of mind that I got, but also satisfaction. I know exactly what makes me happy each and every day. I know that every day there is someone who can make me laugh even on the worst of times. I know the purpose of my being. Like a song written from the heart, my life is finally on a rhythm.



001/1/16/SC

S E V E N

Still Grazing

After All

These Years



There are few types of relationship. The one with nothing to talk about, the one that lasts forever and the one that is supposed to be sweet memory – like a bedtime story that we tell ourselves to warm our heart. The one that is supposed to be remembered in a sweet, unharful way.

Our relationship was the last one. It was candy days.

Like a favorite film, I could play them back as many as I long for. All those memories were stacked nicely in a tiny box inside my head. Every scene had every relevant song to play on. Those were happy times.

It was started the night we met. I asked him what kind of music he likes and turned out our taste were mutual. We listen to the same kind of music, from Chet Baker to Arctic Monkeys. One conversation lead to another. And there we were, captured in a circle of comfort.

Six months were all we need to get by. Every Sunday we went to the same bookstore just to see the same stack of books. He was always made time to see me on weekdays right after office hour just to share laughter.

“Seeing you at the end of the day is always a pleasure. I can totally forget all the bad things happened at the office. You gave me strength,” he said as he hugged me firmly.

The same routine with the same person for six months solid, I never felt the least bit bored. Six months were not that long in the age world of relationship. But for us, six months were eternal. Six months

precisely the amount of time we need to be with each other. No more, no less.

It was at the end of November when he asked me to be his girlfriend. It felt a bit surreal, as he held my hand and whispered three words of confession. We were the only people in the room. There was a work of art that was projecting to the wall. We were in an art exhibition. With pictures of spaces, stars, and a glimpse of infinity. As we kissed, we floated. High, we were so high in love.

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He took me to places I have never been before. He took me to the vintage stores, museums, art gallery – he took me to wonderful places. And most of all, he took me to a place inside myself that I have never discovered before. He helped me to find my true self.

It was such a shame a relationship that almost wonderful-movie-like had to end. The reason why it was ended was cliché, we were not meant to be. It was not our feelings that changed. It was not that we betrayed each other. We ended it because we should. It was just all about time.

Every day spent with him was a celebration. Right from the start to the end. Our relationship is a kind of relationship that could not be forgotten, not in a sad way. Those were days worth remembering every now and then in a very nice way. Like a cup of tea on a rainy day, it warms my heart. And all I need is a song to play on.



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Years went by since we separated. We kept in touch every once in a while. Just on special occasions – birthdays, holidays and just to be formal and all. But we are friends nonetheless.

It was one rainy night at the end of June when we accidentally met for the first time after years of not seeing each other. I was alone reading book at the coffee shop. That night felt so cold that my hot chocolate turned into cold one in an instant.

I saw his appearance right before my eyes. He was
42 alone, a bit wet because of the rain and shivering. Our eyes met and we smile.

“Hi!” we both greeted each other with excitement.
“Hi old friend!” he sat in front of me. “*Old friends, sat on their park bench like bookends...*”

I laughed. “Still you and the same favorite Simon and Garfunkel, I see.”

“Well, still the same person you knew. Nothing changed. Only a bit wrinkle here and there, maybe.”

He wiped her wet hands with tissue. And took a sip of hot latte. "Alone reading book, still the same you."

It was nice. It brought back all those memories. We talked about our history as if we were talking about other people's lives. Not an ache was left. We were only two souls telling stories about the past in the most natural way.



There are few types of relationship. The one with nothing to talk about, the one that lasts forever and the one that is supposed to be sweet memory – like a bedtime story that we tell ourselves to warm our heart. The one that is supposed to be remembered in a sweet, unharful way.

We were a song to played on a rainy nights, to warm us inside in a sweet and delicate way.

Still crazy after all these years...

44

Still crazy after all these years...

Paul Simon's voice was playing inside my head as I wandered around to the old days. Memory does work in a way that human can't expect. Sometimes it hurt, but sometimes it makes us happy.

Our relationship is just sweet old memory that was meant to be visited every once in a while but never to settle.

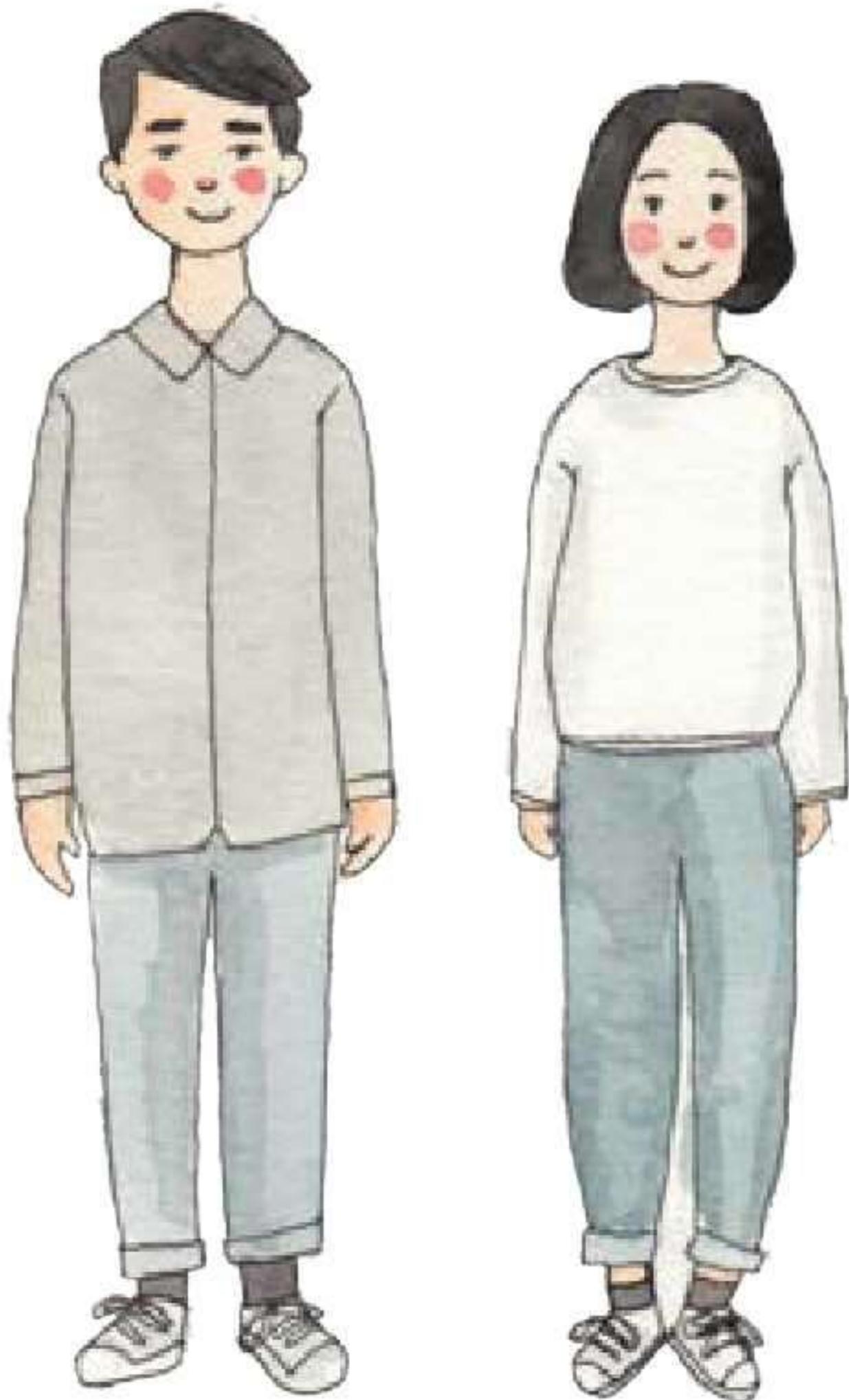




001/1/16/SC

E I G H T

S park s



I want to make you the happiest person alive.
For the first time in my life, someone's happiness
means a lot, more than my very own.

I want to sing you every song of love.
Comfort you and never let you feel bad about life.
You are one precious thing that ever happened
in my life.

I love you more than these words could ever tell.



001/1/16/SC

NINE

Wandering

Mr. Spaceman



001/1/16/SC

Mr. Spaceman was floating

Trying to find his home

but he couldn't

He was trapped in a space

of uncertainties



sometimes
i have no idea
what i'm doing.

T E N

Confusion



Sometimes

I can't tell the difference

between missing someone or just

missing some memories of him.



001/1/16/SC

ELEVEN

Heartbreaking

Anthem

59



There is one kind of song that feels
so devastating whenever you listen
to it. You feel like your soul has
been taken away. With each and
every rhythm played.

61



T W E L V E

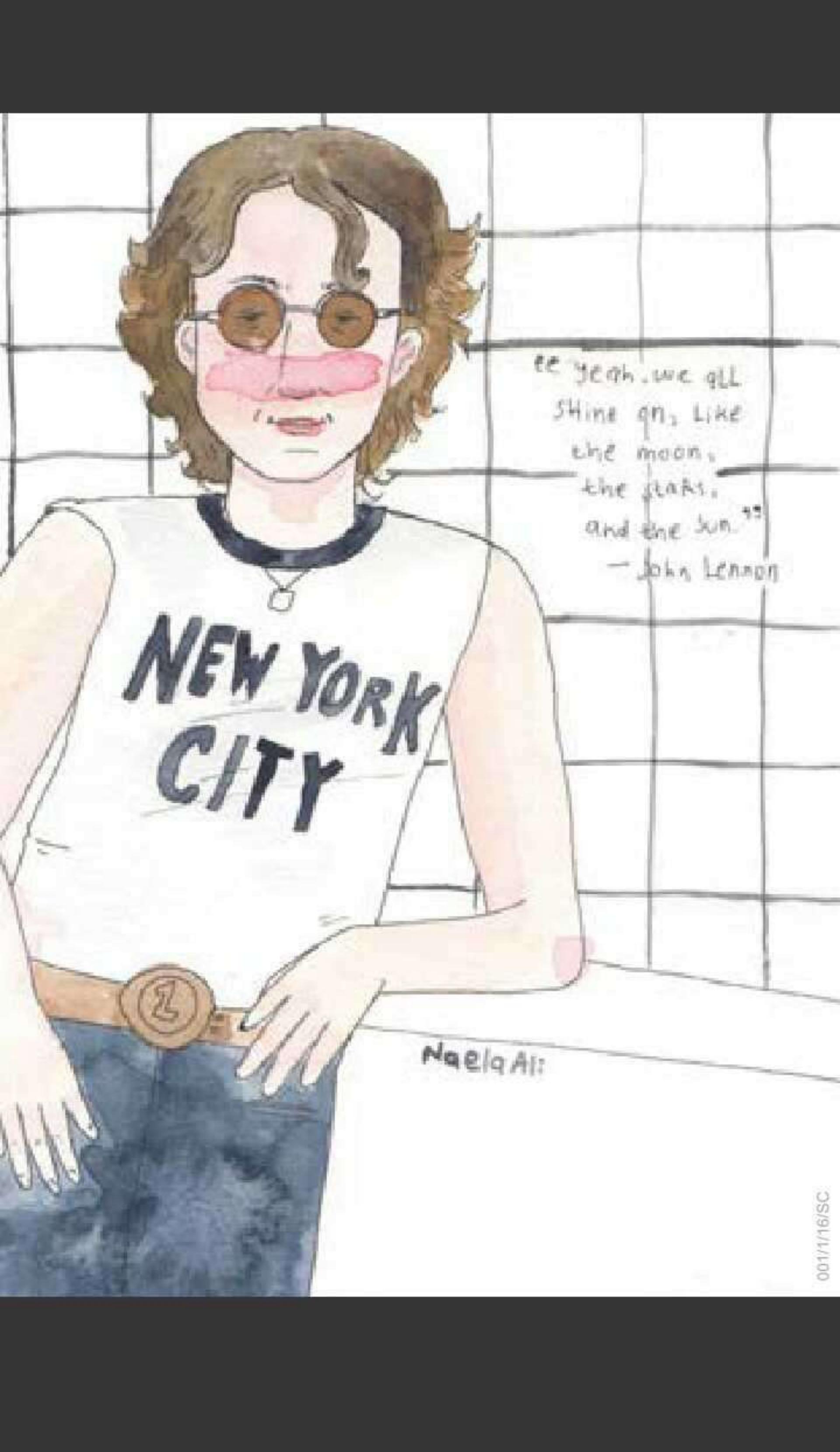
Pampering Day



001/1/16/se

I love Sunday morning when it's raining outside.
I will put some relaxing music, scented candle and peach bubble bath.
I will thinking about nothing else, just myself for a moment.
Away, away from all those dramas.
Me, traveling into my own little world.
Reading my favorite book and be a Queen.

65



“Yeah, we all
Shine on, like
the moon,
the stars,
and the sun.”
— John Lennon

Naela Ali

THIRTEEN

Favorite Song



06/11/16/SC

The moment I put my favorite song, I feel like all the insanity I've been through lately is gone.

All those melody, playing inside my head. Dancing, making their own little party.

I was too busy adoring the music, that I had no time to feel all the feelings and overthink about it.



FOURTEEN

Strangers



001/1/16/SC

Strangers, we are.

Strangers who once shared intimacy.

You once were a part of my whole world, a world full of mess and insanity.

We once shared our dreams. Dreams full of hopes and excitements. We were going to conquer the world, together as a team.

73

We once believed in the destiny of us. Or, should I say, I believed in the destiny of us.

I believed that you were the last one. The one God sent for me only.

But then again, I was believed in nothing more than a fairytale.

Srangers, we are.

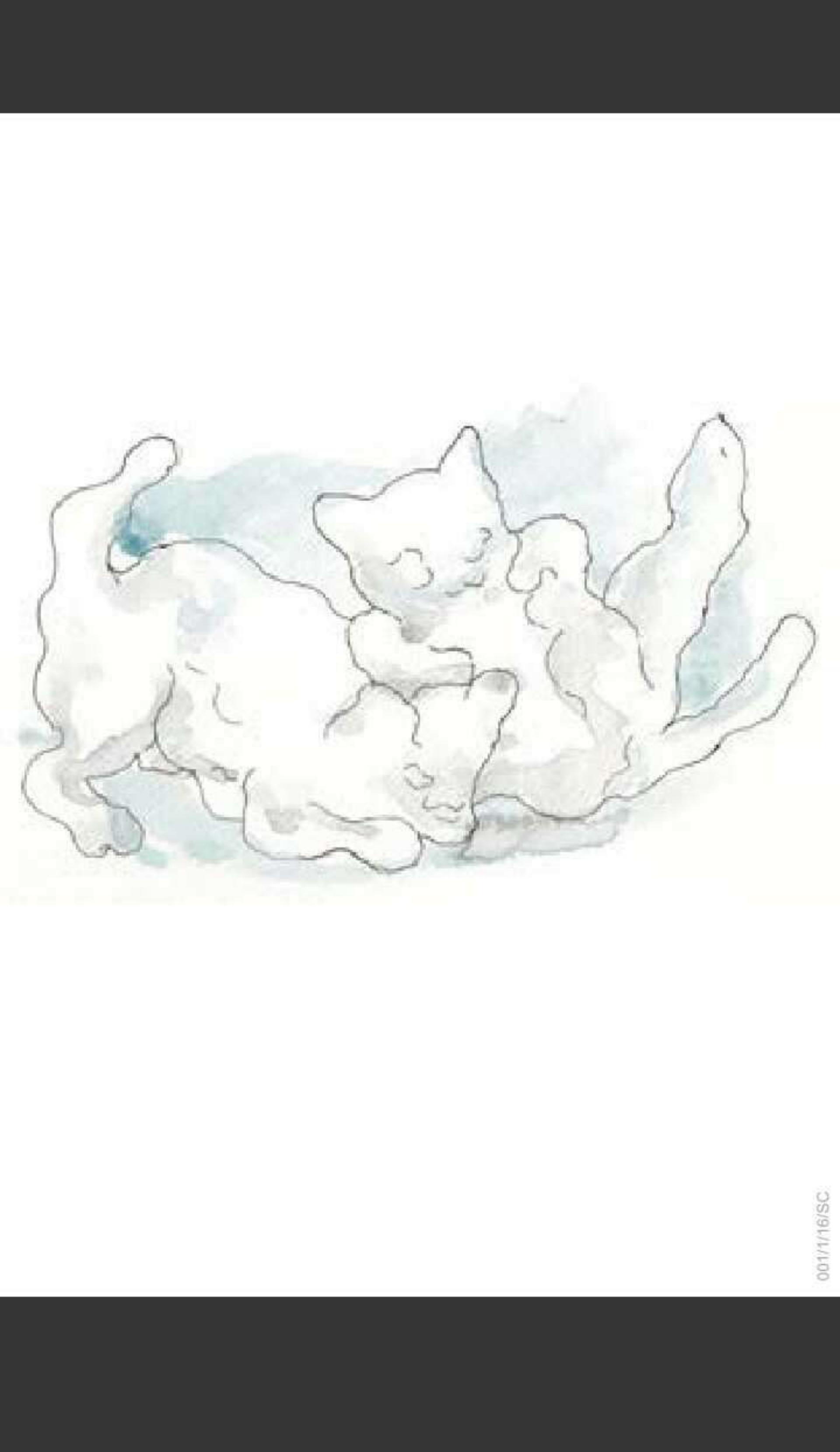
Strangers who now share nothing but history.



FIFTEEN

Cat Shaped

Clouds



001/1/16/SC

Up in the hill we were watching the sky.

The stars were nothing to be seen but we could see
the giant cat-shaped-clouds.

There were two of them. They looked like they were
playing happily, chasing each other.

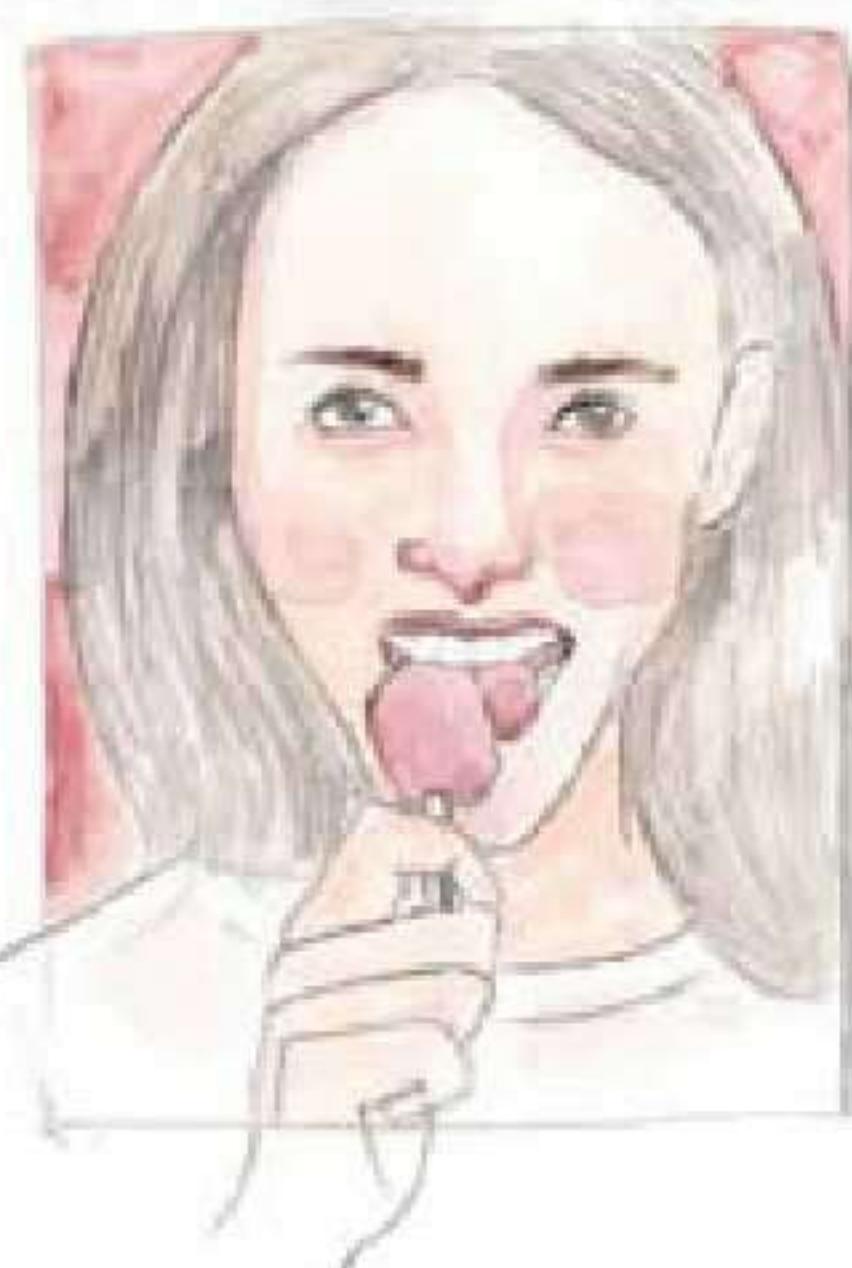
I looked beside, and there was him, watching the
same sky as I.

That was my happiest moment.

“Thank you for being here.”

DON'T
GROW
UP

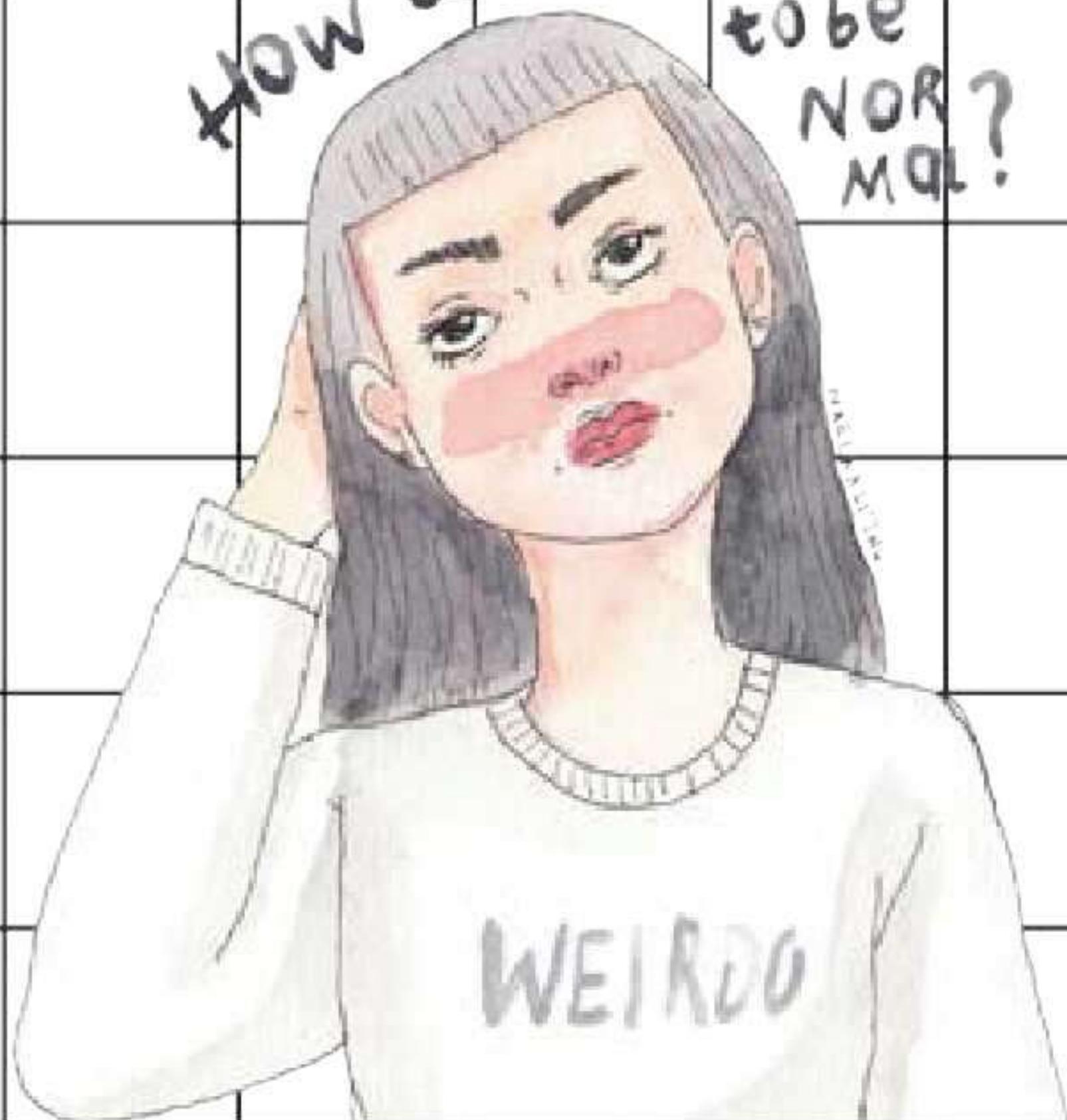
Girls



S I X T E E N

B e Y o u

How to PREtend
to be
NOR?
MOL?



WEIRD

There is always someone who is better than you are.
But there is only one “you”.
You are unique in your own way.
You are beautiful as you are.
Embrace your quirkiness.
That’s what makes you, you.



001/1/16/SC

SEVENTEEN

Here

But Not Here



He was beside me, but why did I feel so lonely?
I could smell his sandalwood scent, I could feel his
rough skin touching mine, but why did I feel like he
was so far away that I missed him?

I looked at his eyes but I saw nothing. His flesh was
here but his mind was nowhere to been seen. He was
no more than a vacant house.

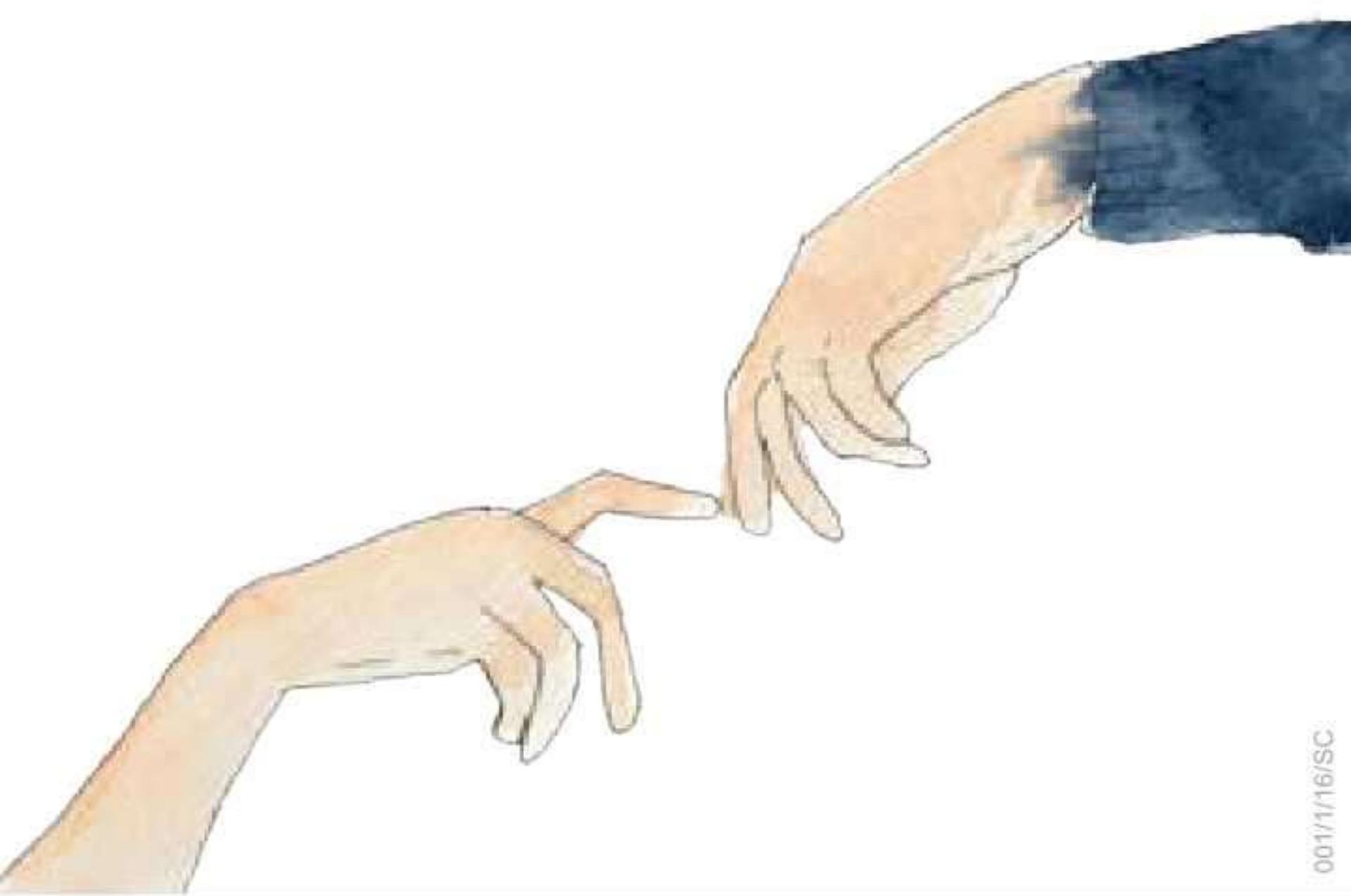
I could feel his feeling for me fade away as I could
feel his smile for me was not as gentle as it used to be.
He smiled because he had to, not because he wanted
to.

I could sense him silently walking away from me.
His body was still with me but his heart had been
away for so long that I didn't notice when was the last
time I had it in mine.



E I G H T E E N

Hint of Light



001/1/16/SC

I thank my past that led me to you.

For all I knew, every step I took was all I needed to reach you.

In the last step of my journey, I found you, reaching me with your gentle heart.

Never once I regret the mistakes I have made.

Without them, I would never know which was right or wrong.

In my darkest time, I saw the hint of light in you.



N I N E T E E N

November

(II)



November was a month full of pleasure. When the rain was falling almost every day and we spent our time seeking warmth in each other's smile. We were two souls in love. In love with each other imperfections. In love with the idea of us being together, forever.

We both enjoyed our time of togetherness by sharing mutual interests. We listened to the same music and we adored the same writers. We loved seafood that we ate at the same seafood stalls for almost every weekend – or weekdays if he was not trapped in the office, working.

"I don't know why seafood is so good," I said one day while enjoying a plate of boiled shrimp. "I mean, like, really good."

"But you hate fish and fish is seafood, that's weird." He answered. Well, he made his point.

"I know, right? Fish is like the symbol of seafood yet I hate it. I don't know why but fish tastes weird."

"You are weird."

Those were happiest moments.

He was always find a way to make me smile. I remember, one night he called me just to play me piano, I didn't remember well what the song was but I was really upset with him that night. But as soon as I heard the melody, I no longer felt upset and we were laughing again.

94

We were weird in our own way.

I didn't love him at the first sight. We were best-friends. And then love formed gradually. I liked his personality, the way he talked, the way he smiled, his sense of humor, and before I knew it, I fell in love.

It was familiarity that made me fell in love with him. I felt safe around him. I felt like I didn't need to worry about anything when I was with him.

He was my favorite. My favorite name to look forward to on my phone screen, my favorite person to

spent the evening with. My favorite face to looked at. He was more than a beautiful apperance. He was smart. He was funny. He was gentle. He was a little bit messy. Sometimes when I look at him, it terrified me, it terrified me what I would do for him. That was how much I love him.

I loved his entire being.

But it was then, and now is now.

He no longer part of my stories. He was just part of my history. No longer my best friend, no longer my boyfriend.

November was my favorite month. The month I was always looking for.

But now, November is just another month passing. Nothing special to look forward to.

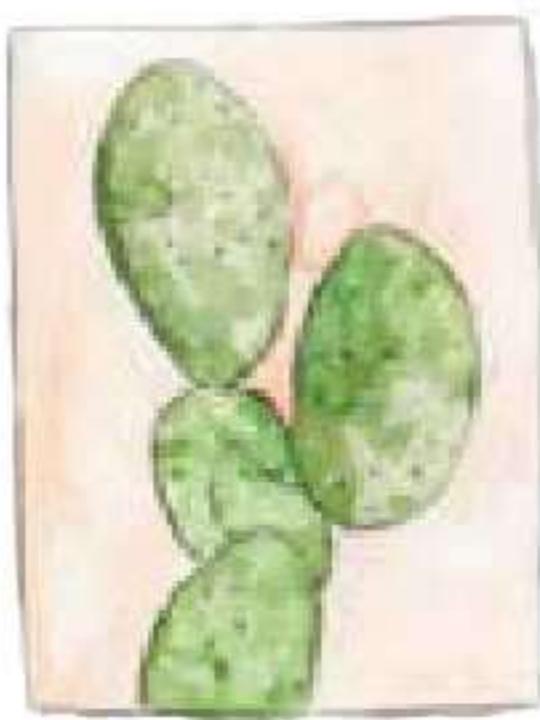


001/1/16/SC

T W E N T Y

The Way

She Loves



There is something truly special about the way she loves him. It is pure, unconditional love and she feels it deep in her heart. She loves him fiercely, without any hint of fear. She profoundly knows that the possibility of him hurting her is strong. But then again, what is love in the first place?



T W E N T Y - O N E

Ways to Say

Goodbye



Leaving isn't quite the same, he said to me

As running away

If you're scared or tired of what you're scared of

Well, why should you stay?

He loved to say goodbye

And always counted out the time

103

Until he was free

To get up and leave

To learn how to breath

Again

Slipping out to have a cigarette

With someone else that he'd never met

(How to Say Goodbye – Paul Tiernan)

Nobody said that letting go was easy, not even a sweet ending. Parting is always hurts. No matter how neat it is wrapped, waving hands is the hardest.

People have their own way of saying goodbye, it might be cruel or it might be so tender that you didn't notice it was a farewell. In my case, he did the last one. It was a wondrous week full of happy memories. He gave me things I wished for a year of relationship within a week. Just a week of Shangri-la.

Everyday we spent the day going to the beach, having popsicles or gelato, enjoying sunset, looking at dogs running through the seaside, and ended the day having dinner with seafood and paella. We were living the dream, or should I say, I was living the dream. With the dear boy of mine, having vacation we've been planning for months. Him being nice and all. What on earth could possibly happen?



It was the happiest moment, having him beside me. Looking at him eating his favorite breakfast with excitement. Reading our favorite books on the beach. Him wearing his sunglasses and I was wearing my big hat. On the night he would insist to go around the beach while I was crying because I was scared – of ghost, drunken tourists or any bad possibility. But he held my hand and said that everything was going to be alright and hugged me.

Not a chance my brain was thinking that it was his way of saying goodbye. Not even a clue that he gave me. Everything was nicely wrapped until the very last time. If only I knew that was the last time I was going to see his shoulders or smell his sandalwood scent, I would never, ever, let go of him.



For a week, he flew me high into the highest of sky. Gave me the pleasure one person could ever give. And in a second, he crushed me. It's like... for an instant he lost his function as a human being. Tear me apart like I was a sour candy that he didn't want to eat, threw me away like he didn't give a care at all.

He didn't say a word. He just walked away as if nothing ever mattered. Not this past week, not even the year of us. The last time I saw him, he walked away, not a glance, not even anything. I thought that was just an ordinary parting, I thought we would meet again the next day. But then again, we will never know when will be our last meeting with someone. That day, it was the last meeting of us. Never I expected that it was going to happen. Everybody has their-own way of saying goodbye. And his way was so gentle that I didn't expect my heart would be crushed in second.

*Or just not to stay
To leave without saying why

To get up and go
To catch the last train
To get in some car
And drive out again
To never come back this way
And have to say....*

Goodbye

So long

Farewell

Au revoir





00N/16/SC

T W E N T Y - T W O

Love in the End

of December



001/1/16/SC

He was a person she should not fallen into. But something in the way he listened to her so carefully made she think he valued her. The way he looked deep into her eyes the moment she talks, as if he was telling her to talk even more. To talk about her dreams, to talk about what excites her, to talk about her days... As if telling her that her voice was his delight. That was the way he listened to her. Attentively.

111

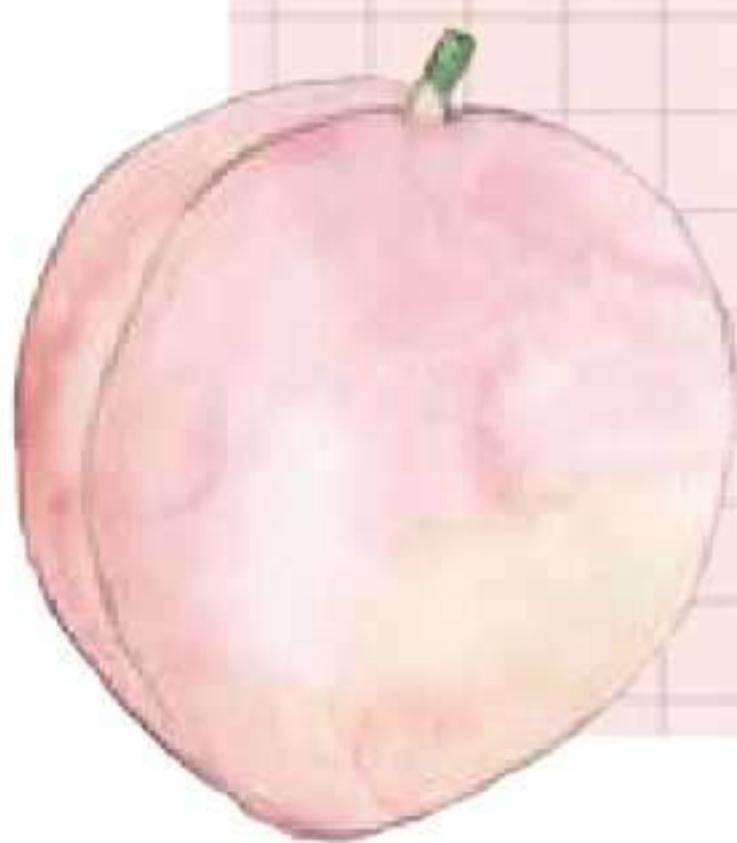
She had already sensed the chemistry between them, it was visible the first time they met, but it was regular kind of chemistry that it didn't bother her that much. But when that chemistry turned into something more, that was when her heart was in a situation that she couldn't explain.

She liked the way he talked with his sharp mind. He talked with honesty. His way of speaking was fresh, straightforward, and as it is. She tried to deny it, that it was nothing more than just a simple attraction of a friend. She tried to avoid him, once in a while, but then again, the urge of meeting him even more kept crawling inside her tummy.

She began to fantasize him being her sweetheart. Of every possibilities of them being together as one. Although she knew that it is possible if given any chance. Their mutual chemistry was apparent.

In the end of December, she fell in love to a person she shouldn't.





T W E N T Y - T H R E E

Beyond Love



ART NOW

001/1/16/SC

Sometimes I feel like just being with him makes it possible for me to be anything that I want, to be a better form of myself. Like, I could fly away to new places in a way that's totally natural. He's taking me into places that I have never been before, nonchalantly yet precisely.





T W E N T Y - F O U R

A Thank You

Note



Here I write a thank you note
For the person who meant the universe to me
I have found my true self
I have tasted the feelings
I have never experienced before
Because you were there to guided me

Sometimes I thought that
these were all just dreams
Pictures that were came out
of my wildest imaginations

But as I opened my eyes,
you were there smiling at me
Those were real

You are written in every songs
about love and wonderful things

You are my favorite character
out of the novel I raved about

You are a dream coming true to me

Thank you for letting me know

what it's like to love

And to be loved,
equally...





T W E N T Y F I V E

*Thank You for
the Memories*



Thank you for the memories
Of long rainy night, Chet Baker's songs
And a cup of hot chocolate

Thank you for the memories
Of jokes on the traffic jam, The Smith's songs
And a warm blue parka

127

Thank you for the memories
Of magical mystery ride, Juxtaposed with Me
And striped tees

Thank you for the memories
Of Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind,
24-hour burger joint
And unfamiliar gigs

Thank you for the memories
Of Vintage store visits,
Puddles after the rain
And broken shoes

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Thank you for the thoughts of the past.
It was warm and lovely.
Thank you, thank you,
For the memories
Of you and I.



T W E N T Y - S I X

M e m e n t o



It was more than a tin of candies.
He gave it to her and she valued it
more than anything.
There was no candy left,
only memories of him.
It was memento of their expedition
to the space.

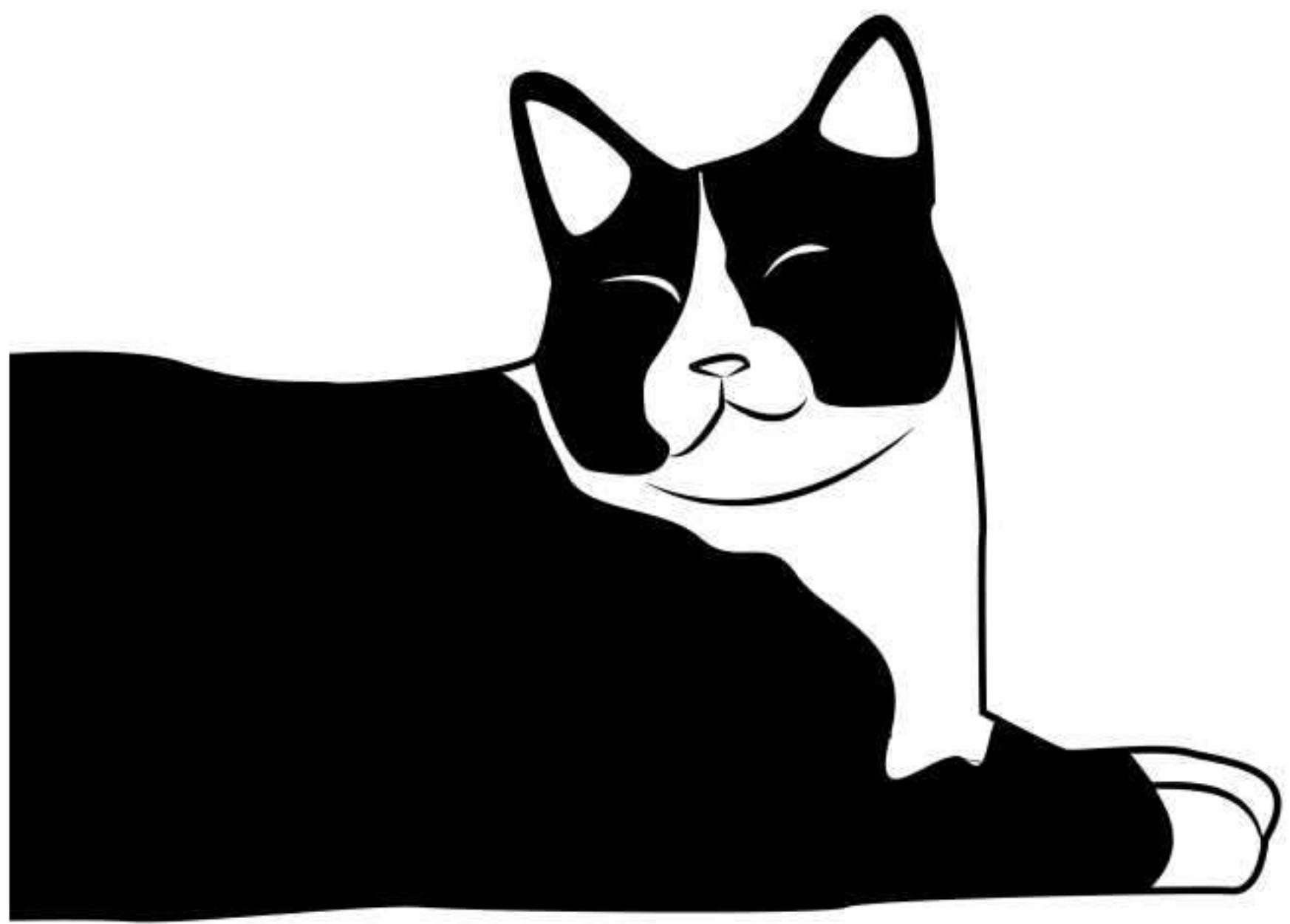


T W E N T Y - S E V E N

A Story of a Cat



This is a story of a cat that loves to sleep all day.
He is sleeping everywhere, sometimes in front of her
door, sometimes in front of the kitchen, or as he may
like it, he sleeps on top of the car.
Sometimes people are guessing what is his purpose
of life,
For all he cares are how to sleep and how to eat.



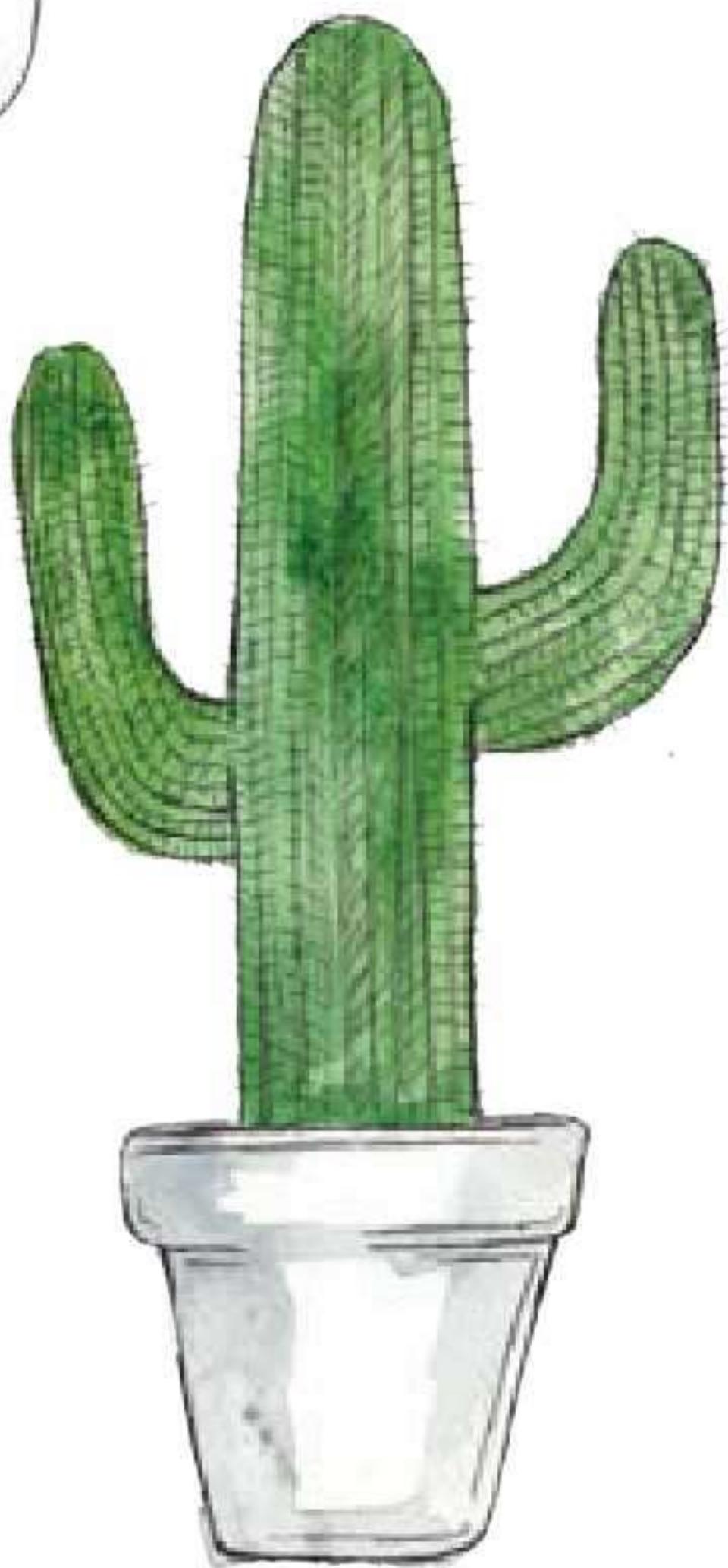


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T W E N T Y - E I G H T

Cactus and Love

Fancy
a Hug ?



I think love is no different than cactus.

Everybody knows that it's going to hurt if you touch them, but you touch it anyway.

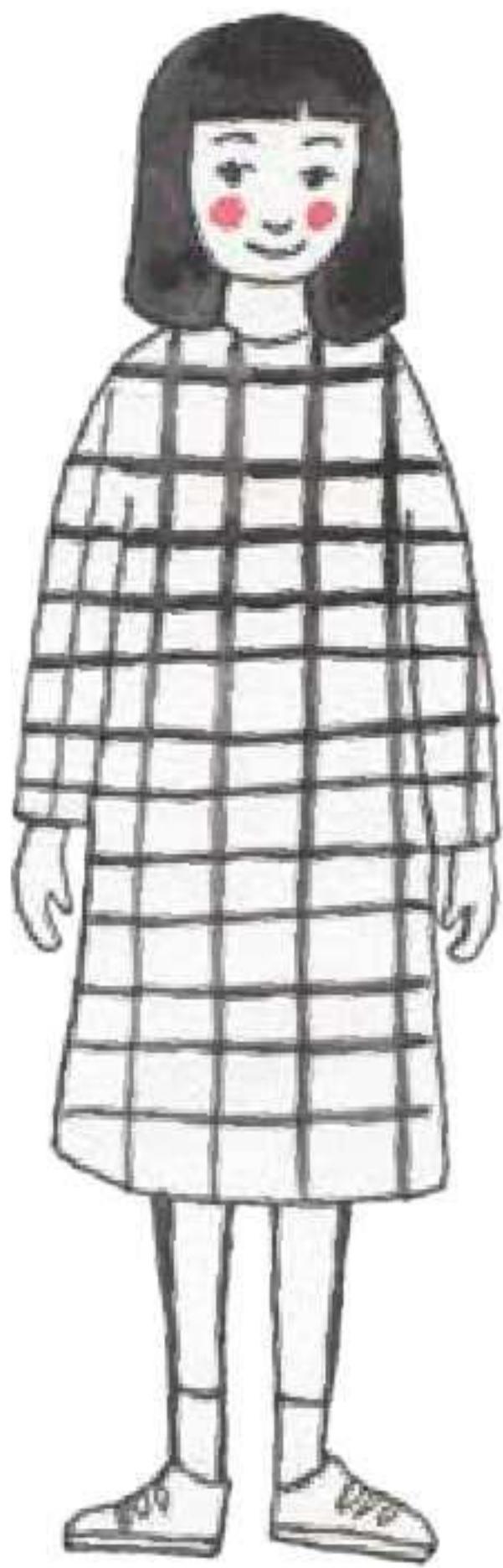
Or maybe the best thing is to keep a certain distance so you won't get hurt.

It's best to admire from afar, right?



T W E N T Y - N I N E

Serendipity



It is a miracle that in the world full of people – with billions of characters, we could connect and became one. With many different choices, for each has their own uniqueness, we found our similarities. Our dots met and became lines and became shapes that formed into us. It is wonderful that among all those choices in front of us, we chose each other and gave in to this lunacy called love.

Maybe, just maybe, if our dots were missing each other, could I have been with someone else? Could you have been with someone else, too? It is unbelievable the way this world works. And each time I think of it, I thank God that we met. I thank every little moment that led us to find each other. For all I know, one missing piece could take us to another form of destiny. I thank God that I found you, we found us.



THIRTY

*A Dream of Neon
Box and Regrets*



I impulsively took a cab and went to the 24-hour burger joint where I knew he was there, alone. I didn't know why, I just felt like I should go there. After all those months of wandering, I needed to make things clear. I needed to see him. Just because my heart asked me too. Maybe there was still a bit of him in my unconsciousness. Maybe it was always him that was always haunting my dreams.

151

The neon sign of that place was so bright that I could spot it from afar. I saw him sitting there, eating cold fries and reading a paperback. I walked to where he was and sitting in front of him. As surprised as he might be, his fries fell down.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I need to see you." I answered.

"Why..."

It was 2 AM, that place was empty. Only few people were there. An old man was having his cup of crappy coffee, a couple of teenage love birds were leaning at each other's head and some sleepy staffs were trying their best to clean up with the last bit of their energy.

I started to cry so loud that everyone was looking at me.

"I am so sorry..."

"Hey... what..."

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"I am so sorry..." my tears won't stop. "I am so sorry I was so stupid that night. I should have never went there. I should have never leave you. I am so sorry..." he looked deep into my eyes. "I am so sorry that I didn't respond when you said you love me. You know I love you so much. I'm regretting all those stupid decisions I made. I want you, please don't go back with her. Please be mine only. Please... I would do anything to take you back.

“I miss you, you know. I thought he could replace you, but he couldn’t. He didn’t make me laugh as you did. He didn’t understand me as you did. He’s not you...”

“But you know that it is too late.”

“I know, I know it’s too late. I know that I couldn’t take back all those things I had left behind. But I can’t live like this. I miss you... I really do. I don’t care about anything else. Let’s just go somewhere, like you said before. Let’s just disappear from our worlds. Let’s just be strangers, starting anew. Let’s be together, just the two of us. Please...”

“You know I can’t. It’s over now.”

“I can’t live like this. I can’t go on carrying this pain inside me. It hurts so much seeing you with her. It hurts so much that I can’t be with you.”

“But you were the one who told me to go away. And I did.”

“I was wrong, please come back. I was a fool. I want you, please...”



“I can`t....”

I tried to reach his hand but I couldn`t, his hands starting to vanish... turned into dusts... His body was gone... I was shocked and trembling. Why...

154

It was rainy Saturday morning and I fell asleep on the couch. I was reading a book while listening to Chet Baker`s “It`s Always You” when I fell asleep last night. I dreamt about him again. The same dream, over and over again. I didn`t know why he was always coming to my dreams. I`d never thought I missed him.

As I washed my face, I washed away all those bad dreams that haunting me lately. It was no more than just a dream.





THIRTY-ONE

Furry Happy



She found her happiness nowhere
but in a form of furry little thing
called cat. She was furry happy.



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T H I R T Y - T W O

Eventually

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Maybe we will meet again, in the older versions of us.

That day we will be ready for each other.

Not right now, when we are so destructive, killing
each other with our own egos.

One day, I will be right for you and you will be right
for me.

Not today, but someday...

Eventually.



THIRTY-THREE

Lucidity



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It is as simple as yes or no.
As take it or leave it.
Don't let me floating around,
with no destination in mind.
Having you in between is exhausting.



THIRTY-FOUR

*Temporary Thing
in Temporary
World*



You and I, we are temporary.

We live in a world of immortality anyway,
so why should we bother?

We will be gone soon, and so does all the things in
the world.

Let's just recklessly fall in love with each other and
don't think about anything else.

Let's fall into each other's arms until the world tears us apart.



THIRTY FIVE

*Escaping The
World and Hands
Dancing*



I feel like drawing is a way to escape from the world's
insanity

I just let my hands dancing – making dots, lines,
shapes

I feel nothing but happiness inside my heart

I let my hands moving freely, as if not a care in the
world

About what happened and what is going to happen

175

I am a free soul with imaginations

Dream, dream away...

Draw, draw away...

I am a happy soul living the fullest of my life

Doing thing I like the most

Without hesitation, I feel free.



THIRTY-SIX

Drawing of Him



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This is the drawing of him.

I don't know how to put all these feelings inside in a
form of words.

I can only let my hands express what I feel inside.

Here's the drawing of him,

That I drew with all of my heart.



THIRTY-SEVEN

Feels Like You



I keep thinking about how much I love you.

I like to see your face in the morning light.

I like the way your eyes look when you smile.

I love your scent. I love your laughs.

I love the way you talk about your dreams
and obsessions.

I catch myself smiling remembering all the things you
said and did to me.

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I am in love with every bit of you.

I've replayed our conversations in my mind, over and
over again.

I'm dreaming of the future, even though future is just
an abstract concept.

Neither of us is certain of what will happen next.

But one thing I know, you are here with me.

And you are the best thing that ever happened in my
life.



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THIRTY-EIGHT

Wandering



I wonder if you ever once pause
for a moment and think, “I miss
her and the moments we have been
through.”

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THIRTY-NINE

Rave On



Meeting you was like hearing my favorite song being played on the radio. I was surprised, and I felt like singing out loud, happily.

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F O U R T Y

M o t h e r



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She is so delicate and true.
She loves you fiercely.
She gives in all the life she has just for you.
Her love is the strongest kind of love
That couldn't be compared to anyone else's.
She loves you long before she met you.
She takes care of you more, with no hesitation.
She is the one you call Mother.

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Naela Ali is a Jakarta based freelance illustrator and graphic designer who also writes in her spare time. Was born in Jakarta, 23rd of July, 1992. On 2014, she has graduated from Bina Nusantara University majored in Visual Communication Design. On 2014, she also founded a brand named *Asobi*, turning her works into products. Occasionally, she runs her own watercolor workshop named *Summer Wasting Class*. *Stories for Rainy Days Volume II* is the sequel to her first illustrated short story collections.

Talk to her through naelaalita@gmail.com and follow her instagram @naelaali for daily dose of her watercolor illustrations.

Stories for Rainy Days is a project by Naela Ali where she writes about things that make her feel warm, completed with her own illustrations. She hopes this book will make whoever read it feel warm and nice. This is the second book.

Do not forget to follow @storiesforrainydays on instagram and @sfrainydays on twitter and let us know what you think about this book.

#storiesforrainydays



It was still raining.

As her cat looked outside

the window where the raindrops

fell onto the monstera leaves,

she put that furry little thing

on her lap and continued

reading the stories.

POP

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